

But Pandarus, that so wel coude fele
In every thing, to pleye anoon bigan,
And seyde: Neece, see how this lord can knele!
Now, for your trouthe, seeth this gentil man!
And with that word he for a quisschen ran,
And seyde: Kneleth now, whyl that yow leste,
Ther God your hertes bringe sone at reste!

Can I not seyn, for she bad him not ryse,
If sorwe it putte out of hir remembrance,
Or elles if she toke it in the wyse
Of duette, as for his observaunce;
But wel finde I she dide him this plesaunce,
That she him kiste, although she syked sore;
And bad him sitte adoun withouten more.

Quod Pandarus: Now wol ye wel biginne;
Now doth him sitte, gode nece dere,
Upon your beddes syde al there withinne,
That ech of yow the bet may other here.
And with that word he drow him to the fere,
And took a light, and fond his contenance
As for to loke upon an old romaunce.

Criseyde, that was Troilus lady right,
And cleer stood on a ground of sikernesce,
Al thoughte she, hir servaunt and hir knight
Ne sholde of right non untrouthe in hir gesse,
Yet natheles, considered his distresse,
And that love is in cause of swich folye,
Thus to him spak she of his jelousye:

Lo, herte myn, as wolde the excellence
Of love, ayeins the which that no man may,
Ne oughte eek goodly maken resistence;
And eek bycause I felte wel and say
Your grete trouthe, and servyse every day;
And that your herte al myn was, sooth to seyne,
This droof me for to rewe upon your peyne.

And your goodnesse have I founde alwey yit,
Of whiche, my dere herte and al my knight,
I thonke it yow, as fer as I have wit,
Al can I nought as muche as it were right;
And I, emforth my conninge and my might,
Have and ay shal, how sore that me smerte,
Ben to yow trewe and hool, with al myn herte;

And dredeles, that shal be founde at preve.
But, herte myn, what al this is to seyne
Shal wel be told, so that ye noght yow greve,
Though I to yow right on yourself compleyne.
for therwith mene I fynally the peyne,
That halt your herte and myn in hevinesse,
fully to sleen, and every wrong redresse.

My goode, myn, not I forwhy ne how
That jelousye, alas! that wikked wivere,
Thus causeles is copen into yow;
The harm of which I wolde fayn deliver!
Alas! that he, al hool, or of him slivere,
Shuld have his refut in so digne a place,
Ther Jove him sone out of your herte arace!

But O, thou Jove, O auctor of nature,
Is this an honour to thy deitee,
That folk ungiltif suffren here injure,
And who that giltif is, al quit goth he?
O were it leful for to pleyne on thee,
That undeserved suffrest jelousye,
And that I wolde upon thee pleyne and crye!

Eek al my wo is this, that folk now usen
To seyn right thus: Ye, jelousye is love!
And wolde a busschel venim al excusen,
for that o greyn of love is on it shove!
But that wot heighe God that sit above,
If it be lyker love, or hate, or grame;
And after that, it oughte bere his name.

But certeyn is, some maner jelousye
Is excusable more than som, ywis.
As whan cause is, and som swich fantasye
With pietee so wel repressed is,
That it unnethe dooth or seyth amis,
But goodly drinketh up al his distresse;
And that excuse I, for the gentilesse.

And som so ful of furie is and despyt,
That it sourmounteth his repressioun;
But herte myn, ye be not in that plyt,
That thanke I God, for whiche your passioun
I wol not calle it but illusioun,
Of habundaunce of love and bisy cure,
That dooth your herte this disece endure.

Of which I am right sory, but not wrooth;
But, for my devoir and your hertes reste,
Wherso yow list, by ordal or by ooth,
By sort, or in what wyse so yow leste,
for love of God, lat preve it for the beste!
And if that I be giltif, do me deye,
Alas! what mighte I more doon or seye?

With that a fewe brighte teres newe
Out of hir eyen fille, and thus she seyde:
Now God, thou wost, in thought ne dede untrew
To Troilus was never yet Criseyde.
With that hir heed down in the bed she leyde,
And with the shete it wreigh, and syghed sore,
And held hir pees; not o word spak she more.

But now help God to quenchen al this sorwe,
So hope I that he shal, for he best may;
for I have seyn, of a ful misty morwe
folwen ful ofte a mery someres day;
And after winter folweth grene May.
Men seen alday, and reden eek in stories,
That after sharpe shoures been victories.

This Troilus, whan he hir wordes herde,
Have ye no care, him liste not to slepe;
for it thoughte him no strokes of a yerde
To here or seen Criseyde his lady wepe;
But wel he felte aboute his herte crepe,
for every teer which that Criseyde asterte,
The crampe of deeth, to streyne him by the herte.

And in his minde he gan the tyme acurse
That he cam there, and that he was born;
for now is wikked yturned into worse,
And al that labour he hath doon biforn,
he wende it lost, he thoughte he nas but lorn.
O Pandarus, thoughte he, alas! thy wyle
Serveth of nought, so weylaway the while!

And therwithal he heng adoun the heed,
And fil on knees, and sorwfully he sighte;
What mighte he seyn? he felte he nas but deed,
What was she that shulde his sorwes lighte.
for wrooth was whan that he speken mighte,
But natheles, whan that he sawe this game,
Than seyde he thus: God woot, that of this game,
Whan al is wist, than am I not to blame!

Therwith the sorwe so his herte shette,
That from his eyen fil ther not a tere,
And every spirit his vigour in knette,
So they astoned and oppressed were.
The feling of his sorwe, or of his fere,
Or of ought elles, fled was out of towne;
And down he fel al sodeynly aswowne.

This was no litel sorwe for to see;
But al was hyst, and Pandarus up as faste:
O nece, pees, or we be lost, quod he,
Beth nought agast, but certeyn, at the laste,
for this or that, he into bedde him caste,
And seyde: O theef, is this a mannes herte?
And of he rente al to his bare sherte;

And seyde: Neece, but ye helpe us now,
Alas, your owne Troilus is lorn!
Ywis, so wolde I, and I wiste how,
ful fayn, quod she; alas! that I was born!
Ye, nece, wol ye pullen out the thorn
That stiketh in his herte? quod Pandarus;
Sei Al foryeve, and stint is at this fare!

Ye, that to me, quod she, ful lever were
Than al the good the sonne aboute gooth;
And therwithal she swoor him in his ere:
Ywis, my dere herte, I am nought wrooth,
have here my trouthe and many another ooth;
Now speek to me, for it am I, Criseyde!
But al for nought; yet mighte he not abreyde.

Therwith his pous and pawmes of his bondes
They gan to frote, and wete his temples tweyne,
And, to deliveren him from bittre bondes,
She ofte him kiste; and, shortly for to seyne,
him to revoken she dide al hir peyne.
And at the laste, he gan his breeth to drawe,
And of his swough sone after that adawe,

And gan bet minde and reson to him take,
But wonder sore he was abayst, ywis.
And with a syk, whan he gan bet awake,
he seyde: O mercy, God, what thing is this?
Why do ye with yourselfen thus amis?
Quod tho Criseyde; is this a mannes game?
What, Troilus! wol ye do thus, for shame?

And therwithal hir arm over him she leyde,
And al foryaf, and ofte tyme him keste.
He thonked hir, and to hir spak, and seyde
As fil to purpos for his herte reste.
And she to that answerde him as hir leste;
And with hir goodly wordes him disporte
She gan, and ofte his sorwes to comferte.

Quod Pandarus: for ought I can espyen,
This light nor I ne serven here of nought;
Light is not good for syke folkes yen.
But for the love of God, sin ye be brought
In thus good plyt, lat now non hevye thought
Ben hanginge in the hertes of yow tweye:
And bar the candeles to the chimeneye.

Sone after this, though it no nede were,
Whan she swich othes as hir list devyse
Hadde of him take, hir thoughte tho no fere,
Ne cause eek non, to bidde him thennes ryse.
Yet lesse thing than othes may suffyse
In many a cas; for every wight, I gesse,
That loveth wel meneth but gentilesse.

But in effect she wolde wite anoon
Of what man, and eek where, and also why
He jelous was, sin ther was cause noon;
And eek the signe, that he took it by,
She bad him that to telle hir bisily,
Or elles, certeyn, she bar him on honde,
That this was doon of malis, hir to fonde.

Withouten more, shortly for to seyne,
He moste obeye unto his lady heste;
And for the lasse harm, he moste feyne.
He seyde hir, whan she was at swiche a feste
She mighte on him han lohed at the leste;
Not I not what, al dere ynough a risshe,
As he that nedes moste a cause fasshe.

And she answerde: Swete, al were it so,
What harm was that, sin I non yvel mene?
for, by that God that boughte us bothe two,
In alle thinge is myn entente clene.
Swich arguments ne been not worth a bene;
Wol ye the childish jelous contrefete?
Now were it worthy that ye were ybete.

Tho Troilus gan sorwfully to syke,
Lest she bewrooth, him thoughte his herte deyde;
And seyde: Alas! upon my sorwes syke
Have mercy, swete herte myn, Criseyde!
And if that, in tho wordes that I seyde,
Be any wrong, I wol no more trespass;
Do what yow list, I am al in your grace.

And she answerde: Of gilt misericorde!
That is to seyne, that I foryeve al this;
And evermore on this night yow recorde,
And beth wel war ye do no more amis.
Nay, dere herte myn, quod he, ywis.
And now, quod she, that I have do yow smerte,
foryeve it me, myn owene swete herte.